

# The Saturday Evening Post

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## ORIGINAL POETRY.

### ODE.

WRITTEN FOR AN ANNIVERSARY OF THE BIRTH OF FRANKLIN.

Air—Anthem in *Stanza*.

On the mighty and boundless ocean of Time,  
When Columbus' Genius for frail bark was guiding,  
Unmolested by knowledge in darkness sublime,  
The shadows of ignorance round her were gliding;  
Thou, the gloom of the deep, didst suddenly creep,  
E'er the beam of learning was exalted in sleep;  
And her eye glanced abroad thro' the Heavens afar,  
For the sought for guide in the bright Polar Star.

And long did she rove in the regions of night,  
Thro' whose sombre hues not a ray was descending,  
Save when the faint glimmer of art's meteor light,  
With the mind's intellectual darkness was blending;  
Till the bright dawn of morn on her pathway forsook,  
Broke forth to declare that our Franklin was born,  
And strewn o'er the heights of Columbia star,  
Like the guide of the ocean, the bright Polar Star.

Then far thro' the West did its brilliant spread,  
Like the bark of Aurora's first dawn on the mountain—  
When the young golden dawn awoke from her bed,  
And threw her bright gleam o'er forest and fountain;  
Diffusing her light, thro' the mist of the air,  
She dispelled the shadows that enshrouded there;  
So the wisdom of Franklin extended afar,  
O'er Columbia's science the bright Polar Star.

When he in our pride in his footsteps to lead,  
To follow his path our earnest endeavour,  
That what he bequeathed to a race that is fled,  
Thro' us may descend in succession forever;  
That the halo of fame, that encircles his name,  
As a star on our way—'d thro' the flame,  
And shine thro' the mist of oblivion afar,  
Surpassing in glory the bright Polar Star.

THE DEATH OF MONTGOMERY.  
Keen blew the blast from northern seas,  
And chilly was the gale,  
The thickened sheet athwart the breeze  
Fell round in harken'd wail.

The eye no resting place could find,  
We're to seek repose;  
No trace of spring was left behind,  
But winter sternly rose.

With valour armed, the steady troop,  
In garments thickly clad,  
Conceal'd their woes, nor dur'd to droop,  
Thro' dangers round array'd.

Onward they moved with footsteps firm,  
To victory or death;  
Above them lo'd the threatening storm,  
And danger lurk'd beneath.

For most to all, save guilty flight,  
Thro' clust'ring led the way;  
A lost himself, when in the fight,  
Engaged in mortal fray.

## THE MORALIST.

### SUNDAY.

The daily occurrences of a week of business absorb the mind so much that were it not for the regular return of the Sabbath the majority of human beings would nearly forget that any thing else was necessary in this world, but money when it is needed, provisions when hungry, clothing to cover us, or luxuries to feed our pampered appetites. But Christianity has consulted the wants of man, and the weakness of his nature, by the instruction of one day in seven. How happy the virtuous man must feel to escape from the trammels of a bad world to one day of sober reflection, of pious indulgence, or of religious consolation! The mariner, who after a week of storms and gloom, happens to spend one day on the sunny shore of some verdant island that rises out of the main, cannot feel more grateful for his good fortune, than he, who, having weathered the misgivings of the week, sits down in his own pew, in his own church, and joins in the service and praise of his great Maker.

### FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

## THE DEAD BODY.

I stood by the side of his coffin—calm and deep was the composure that dwelt on his last silence; death had touched, not changed his countenance, and but for the thrilling coldness of that forehead, I might have thought it surmounted the peaceful visions of a soft slumber. A few hairs strayed over it, white even to brightness, for they had been bleached by the frosts of more than ninety winters! His children approached to look their last at him on whom they had looked so long, and his grand-children, as they turned from the placid face, met their children. He was the last remnant of a "generation that had passed away," and the "other who had come" into its room, were about to "bury their dead out of their sight." I thought of his "faith and patience"—of his holy confidence in the saviour of sinners—his "strong consolation"—his "good hope through grace"—his purity of life and conversation, and of that deep humility which led him to esteem himself as nothing "that God might be in all."

Truly his "spot was the spot of God's children," and through the wide circuit of his numerous years had he stood confest, a son of grace, and an heir of heaven. "The peace of God" which "kept his heart and mind through Christ Jesus," had abounded toward his "brethren according to the flesh," and the overflowing of his heaven-taught spirit had breathed the same strain which long since burst from the lips of angels on the plains of Bethlehem, "Glory to God in the highest—and on earth peace, good will to men!"

There was nothing here that partook of the "bitterness of death." "He fell asleep"—certainly in Jesus! sweet repose after long fatigue—the weary traveller, pausing from his toils by the cooling fountain, beneath refreshing shade—the child laid to rest on the bosom of its Mother, after too faint and fading emblems to express the "blessedness" of him "who had died in the Lord!" Men repose but awaken to new toils; travellers pause on their journey that they may be enabled to resume its fatigues; the child starts from its slumber to open its eyes on the beginning of its little sorrows; but here the pilgrim had reached the heavenly city and had merely left behind him his staff and sandals to await the repairing hand of the Maker: again shall be clad in "garments of gladness" in the day, when that which is now "sown in weakness," shall be raised in power! "It doth not yet appear what the son of God shall be, but this we know, that they shall be like Him, for they shall see Him as he is." They "shall be satisfied when they awake with his likeness," when "the mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed;" when "the heavens shall be rolled together as a scroll, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat;" they shall stand triumphant and secure on the mighty mass of ruin, living monuments of the eternal truth of Him who hath said "Nothing shall by any means hurt you."

COHNELIA.

Man kind are kept perpetually busy by their fears or desires, and have not more leisure from their own affairs, than to acquaint themselves with the accidents of the current day. Engaged in contriving some refuge from calamity, or in shortening the way to some new possession, they seldom suffer their thoughts to wander to the past or future; none but a few solitary students have leisure to inquire into the claims of ancient heroes or sages; and names which hoped to range over kingdoms and continents shrink at last into clusters or colleges.

An honest man is believed without an oath; for his reputation swears for him. Xenocrates was a man of that truth and fidelity, that the Athenians gave him alone this privilege, that his evidence should be lawful without swearing. And it is said of Fabricius, that a man might as well attempt to turn the sun out of its course as bring him to do a base or a dishonest action.

If all men were equal in abilities, they would all aspire to an equality of condition; a state of things, which is proved by the experience of every age to be unattainable; and of which, if we consider how necessary subordination is to public good, we shall be satisfied that, if it could be attained, it would not be expedient.

ASSOCIATES.

In all societies it is advisable to associate, if possible, with the highest; not that the highest are always the best, but because if disjoined there, we can at any time descend; but if we begin at the lowest, to ascend is impossible. In the grand theatre of human life, a base ticket takes us through the house.

## FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

## THE DREAMER.

Lounging on three chairs (the sofa being occupied by the old lady with whom I board,) in a listless mood, after the fatigues of a day's labour, (no matter to you gentle reader, whether it was in the scorching sun or not,) and feeling those morbid sensations were getting hold of my brain which I am often troubled, and that is sure to bring on a fit of melancholy if not checked in season, I took up a file of the Saturday Evening Post that lay on the table beside me, knowing it would afford relief, as it had often done before, by looking over the variety always to be found in it. I therefore made it my antidote, and gave it the preference as a panacea, in cases of intellectual languishment. After perusing its columns for more than an hour, I found my sympathy so completely excited at the doleful tale of Aschelandor, that there was no room for spleen to cling to my imagination. But more miserably feelings were elicited when I read Miss M. P.'s address to him—poor fellow—yes, my imagination for a moment soared above earthly things, and I would have remained there, had it not been for the cold calculating, mathematical precision of Miss S. R. who would have been putting fetters on the arms of Cupid—and thus restrain within too nice a point, a blessing that should be open without limits; but as she has an offer from W. G. we will say no more. While offering in my mind their different and peculiar situations, the Post fell from my hand without being noticed—I imagined that something in their behalf was claimed from me, in the way of interposition. It was not long ere I resolved that if Aschelandor did not step forward and claim the boon that had been offered by W. P. in such disinterested and philanthropic terms as to insure to alleviate him from his hopeful and deplorable condition—perhaps, perhaps, a sacrifice of himself, in this her laudable offer, to rid him of the pests that surround him—that I would then take advantage of his remissness, by offering myself as a candidate for his favour, through the medium of the Saturday Evening Post. A week seemed to have passed over, and another number of the Saturday's Post was in my hand, in which my fancy read a Communication from M. P., the purport of which was encouragement for me to make advances, and expressly in reply to what I had offered in my proposals of a union with her. My first feelings were those of gratitude to the Editors of the Post, for having been the means indirectly of procuring me an amiable partner for life—and the next, that if I could ferret out this Aschelandor, I would let him see how much he had been the loser, by not partaking of the offer of one of those that are justly called Heaven's chief blessings to man, by tantalizing him with the comparison of his situation as a Bachelor, and mine in the conjugal state. While I was thus picturing to myself the bliss that I would enjoy if I should succeed, a little boy was ushered into my presence, that bore a countenance that bespoke he had pleasant tidings for the one whom the billeted was for, which he held between his thumb and finger, as he asked, with an arch smile, if I was the gentleman whose name was on it. I tripped in the affirmative, after reading the supererogation, and in an ecstasy was stretching out my hand to grasp what I looked upon as the warrant of my happiness, and in closing it, I was suddenly awaked, finding the paw of my favorite dog Jowler, clasped tight in my grip, which he in his uneasiness, at hearing me snore so sonorously had put there to awaken me—so I dreamt this for a moment—a very pleasant dream though—but that it should have been disturbed by a dog was too bad—however, as it was not a bite, but a friendly paw, I must not be angry.

## GENERAL PAEZ.

This extraordinary man is a *Llanero* or native of the elevated plains of Varnas, in Venezuela. He was the owner of the herds of half wild cattle, which he attended himself—in fact an illiterate herdsman. Naturally of a bold impetuous temper, and possessed of strength and activity of body, altogether surprising in a frame rather under the common size, he early distinguished himself in those feats of hardihood and dexterity, rendered more frequent by being almost continually on horseback, which in a rude society, confer a title to superiority. Enjoying these personal advantages, united to a quick penetrating mind, and much native sagacity, he had elevated himself, above the time of the revolution, to a sort of chieftainship, possessing great influence over the roving bands of half savage herdsmen, in his immediate vicinity. His restless ambition prompted him to collect a band of his most daring associates, and placing himself at their head, he commenced a predatory warfare on his own country. Being an American, his natural prepossessions inclined him to the Patriot cause; but when in want of provisions or necessities for his men, or money for himself to enable him to indulge in that strongest of all the passions in an uncultivated mind—gaming—the cause of his country was frequently lost sight of, and the firm patriot then received the treatment most usually inflicted upon the devoted royalist. Bolivar, attentive to the growing influence of the lawless chief, determined at once to his principles, and enlist his good qualities for the benefit of their common country, by appointing him to the regular army. The step had the desired effect. The cause of the country was strengthened by a chief of the most heroic spirit, possessing a genius for war, which dispensed with the rules of art; having under his command, a body of shameless cavalry, whose charge, when led by their favourite chief, was irresistible. These men, accustomed to the horse from early infancy, resemble in appearance and equipment, the Russian Cossacks, and like them do not owe the effect of their onset to the shock of a mass, but charge separately, or two or three together, depending upon individual address and prowess, upon the dexterous management of the horse, the lance, and the example of their leader.

Paez has been engaged in many battles, and numerous minor conflicts, but he more especially owes his distinction to his conduct at the battle of Carabobo. The contending armies were each about 5000 men, the field an extensive plain traversed by a road, and on one side, at some distance from the road, by a concealed ravine. The contending parties, although numerically equal, were not so in force: the Spaniards were better disciplined, and had a beautiful battery of artillery in position upon the road, commanding the whole plain, the Colombians being without this arm. Bolivar, knowing how much depended upon the event of the day, disposed his force in two divisions, giving the right to Morillo, the senior, the left to Paez, with orders to attack with his two battalions and about 1200 cavalry

by the ravine. The president knew it was a desperate game, and had chosen his agent accordingly. Paez, delighted at the distinction conferred upon him by the selection, joyfully led on his men; at first concealed by the indicated ravine, but issuing soon upon the general level of the plain, the Spanish commander, La Torre, saw the quarter of attack, and endeavoured by a corresponding change in the position of his troops and battery to oppose it. But Paez, brandishing his lance, fell upon them with such rapidity and resolution, that although he lost half his division, he completely routed the whole Spanish army, and captured their artillery. The carnage of the flying was terrible, and if it had not been for the fatigue of the horses, broken down by long marches three days before, the second in command, who hastily formed a small square, and retired in that order, not a man would have escaped.

About the close of the action, Paez gave an instance of an infirmity, which seizes him when violently excited. It is said to resemble an epileptic fit. If forced he is not to prevent him, which was obliged to be used at Carabobo, his propensity is to charge single-handed against whole battalions of the enemy.

The results of this famous battle were the occupation of Valencia the next day, and of Caracas three days after. Paez was made a Captain General in the field, by Bolivar, and entrusted with the chief command. This promotion was shortly after sanctioned by a resolution of Congress, in which the General is characterized as the *Blasero* General.

The *Llanero* has now, by the assistance of the English officers of his staff, made some progress in the elements of education. Such is his quickness of apprehension, that he learns without difficulty what in others would require years of application. It is to be regretted that the muscles before his eyes, and upon which he has formed himself, were not more worthy of imitation. He has learnt every thing presented to him; and if he possesses the easy carriage and polite manners of polished society, he has likewise acquired his vices. He is not habitually intemperate, but is frequently committed by the conviviality of his disposition. He carries his passion for gaming to such an extent, as always to keep himself poor, although he possesses some of the richest confiscated estates in the country. This propensity prompts him, likewise, to borrow with little scrupulousness from whomsoever will lend, without troubling himself about repayment.

Formerly, when the minds of the contending parties were heated by mutual barbarities, the character of the General had been stained with acts of cruelty; not merely against the enemy, who at one period were put to death when taken, as a matter of course, but towards his own troops. Like other men of great genius and violent passions, he is a warm friend and a deadly foe. Many anecdotes are related of the General's foolhardy intrepidity, and feats of address and activity, some merely undertaken by way of bravado, while others had a more laudable object. Among the first, are his feats in leaping and swimming horses; his attacks of furious bulls; and particularly his singular amusement of encountering the caiman, or alligator, in his own element. An instance of a more praiseworthy exertion of courage, of a Spanish armed schooner lying at anchor in the Orinoco. This was effected by swimming from the shore, each of the party holding his sword in his mouth.

The General is now (1823) about 38 years old. Besides his military rank, he is a Senator of the Republic. Although clothed with these high civil and military employments, he does not hesitate to engage in the most boyish pranks. On the expiration of the armistice of Santa Ana, to show his joy at the event, he set fire to the soldiers' barracks. During another interval of inactivity, he amused himself by taking his officers to the houses of the most wealthy inhabitants of Angostura, about the time of dinner, as if in compliance with an invitation. Those who knew the General, put the house afforded, or that could be produced on so unceremonious a notice. Others, who were more sparing of their wine and provisions, or attempted to make excuses, were sure to have their houses sacked, for the pretended indignity of having gentlemen to dinner without suitable preparations. After this round of dissipation had lasted a fortnight, and broken down the health of those engaged, the General ordered his officers to meet at a designated house, and detached a guard, as if to attend a military funeral. The best drinker was seized and placed on a bier, with empty bottles, demijohns, &c. The guard, with reversed arms, followed by the officers, each carrying an empty bottle, proceeded to the place of interment, every citizen they met being obliged to assist at the ceremony, which was conducted with all the formalities practised on such occasions. A funeral sermon was preached, setting forth the convivial excesses, punishments of the delinquent. On the third day, becoming weary of the silence of mourning, the General announced that a resurrection was about to take place. This was accompanied by the notes usually observed in Catholic countries on Easter Sunday. The bottles were all filled, nothing but rejoicing was heard, and the revived toper, placed in honour at the head of the table, was appointed master of the revels. The above tract proves, if it proves nothing else, that in a country where such a scene could be acted, the people cannot be charged with an over attachment to the established religion.

## A WEDDING AT COLLEGE.

From Tales by the Collegians.

Most of you are aware that I was educated at Heidelberg, and whether from the predilection usually entertained for the scene of our youthful joys or sorrows, the intrinsic merits of the place, or more probably, a mixture of both, I continue to retain for it a partiality which I believe is common to all who have ever resided there. Its delightful situation on the banks of the Neckar—its smiling environs—its air, above all, the venerable remains of its splendid electoral palace, with the charming gardens which surround it—all combine to leave a most agreeable impression on the mind even of a passing traveller. In mine, however, they are inseparably associated with ideas of a more personal and ludicrous character; with those boyish pranks and more unpardonable outrages which rendered the *Heidelberg* at once the plague and terror of the peaceable inhabitants, who, depending at the same time on these very notoriety for their existence and prosperity, were sometimes tempted to send us fairly to the devil, and then very faint to deprecate our causeless displeasure, and court us back again.

Among many less justifiable pieces of "rejoicing," which occurred during my stay, there was one prank which savoured so much

more of good-humour and originality than the rest, and which is moreover so appropos to our present design, that I cannot help relating it, though I grieve to say, that my youth and inexperience in love affairs, prevented my participating more than generally in the glory it reflected on the *Burschen* of Heidelberg.

Among the various professors from whom our high mightiness of Heidelberg condescended to imbibe the principles of science, there were, heaven knows, originals enough; such as no man who has not been at a German university can easily picture to himself. There was a long, thin, thread-paper of a Mecklenburger, with a sawy visage, and a fiery spot on his cheek, who had lived so long, like a camel, upon the thin air of scepticism, that he would have scrupled to affirm his own existence, and taught us to doubt ours, had we not possessed, to counterbalance this dangerous incredulity, good round Dr. Weiss from Stuttgart, who believed every thing, even the *Frankfurter Gazette*. We had a professor of theology, who privately professed Atheism; and a lecturer on jurisprudence who was eternally in love, and waited till he turned topsy-turvy all the heterogeneous furniture of his brain. But the most curious of all our originals, the very best *ideal* of an old-fashioned German professor, was to be found in Dr. Mullner, the teacher of mathematics; an elderly man, who had contrived to combine the conscientious discharge of his duty to society by marrying and becoming a father, with what he looked upon as a providential escape from the plague and company of wife mankind.

His poor wife (whom some said he chose for being of a consumptive habit) only lived to give birth to a daughter; and as the very idea of a child's being reared under his roof threatened equal annoyance to the parent, and neglect to the hapless nursing itself, one of those calamitated maiden aunts, whose gratuitous labors in the cause of benevolence and society are shamefully under-rated, stepped forward to their mutual relief, and educated the lovely little Rose with the zeal and tenderness of a mother. During her life, and while his daughter's like other "angel fathers," were "few and far between," the father sometimes laid down Euclid, or the *Algebra*, to admire the rapid growth and striking beauty of his child, and provided she neither disturbed the sacred dust of his bookshelves, nor interrupted his afternoon nap, rather enjoyed than tolerated her innocent vivacity. When, however, on the sudden death of Rose's maternal friend, Dr. Mullner became involved in the necessary evil of a young woman's constant residence under his own roof, such an infringement on his scientific leisure proved almost too much for his philosophy. Naturally upright and well-meaning, he entertained a high idea of the character, and forthwith set about the discharge of its supposed functions with that ludicrous sort of half importance, half distress, you have all no doubt admired in the luckless hen, whose instinctive ideas of right and wrong are totally set at fault by the aberrations of a brood of truant ducklings; or rather, considering the solitary nature of his parental solitudes, perhaps the more obvious illustration of a hen with

Fortunately for the hapless doctor, his pupil was of a most gentle and docile disposition, and would, in her own person, have been but a slender tax upon his surveillance; but unluckily that person was of such extraordinary beauty, as to render it the general mark for the whole fire of University gallantries; and Rose could not stir out without being followed by a troop of *Burschen*, who not only the terror of the doctor's ear could prevent from fluttering around his treasure. If she went to church, *billets doux* dropped from between the leaves of her own prayer-book; if she staid at home, copies of verses flew in at the windows. They were fragrant and classically inserted in the *bouquets* of flower-vases; and, vulgarly, but ingeniously imbedded in the very heart of the brown loaf. When the alarmed father, in a transport of parental anxiety, immersed his fair charge from amusement and society, his windows were unceremoniously broken, and his library celebrated under them at midnight in strains of true *Burschen* eloquence, murderous slaps of sleep and algebra. If to get rid of these serenades, and restore the tranquility to Rose's lovely cheek, he permitted her again to join her companions, his fancy was haunted by images, almost alike formidable, of boyish bridge-games or more experienced seducers. In short, the life of the poor professor was rendered a burden, and the mathematical precision of his ideas so cruelly unlunged, as to be clearly incapable of demonstrating his sole proposition, viz. that one daughter is equal to any given number of devils!

At length, one evening, after a more than usually refreshing and invigorating day, (induced in by the dulcet voice of poor Rose, performing her daily task of reading the *Frankfurter Gazette*, till the nasal organs of her auditor informed her that her functions had terminated,) Dr. Mullner found himself as usual, inspired with the brilliant idea of putting an end at once to his anxieties and responsibility by one decisive step. If so many idle and penniless youths aspired to the favor of Rose, might not such a jewel be more adequately appreciated by and more appropriately bestowed on, a man of sense and substance, supposing, indeed such a person could be induced to submit to the inconveniences of matrimony? There lived next door a certain Dr. Voss, towards whom he was attracted, not less by equality of age than congeniality of pursuits; and if, by the lure of a pretty bride, and a very tolerable German portion, he could succeed in transferring to the astronomical chair the incumbent, which he flattered himself he should admirably discharge his duty as a parent, without losing the daily society of his daughter, or even (if engrossed by the cares of a family) her daily appreciated services in reading the newspapers, as Dr. Voss neither felt nor pretended to any interest in the revolutions of our paltry planet.

Seizing, therefore, his gold-headed cane, and replacing the wig, which, during his staid, usually reposed on its glittering pinnacle, he marched, with all the confidence of an able tactician, to invade the sanctum sanctorum of his retired and taciturn neighbor.

Dr. Voss, though for some time past deeply immersed in a series of very ingenious and plausible speculations on the probable climate, productions, and inhabitants of the planet Venus, troubled himself as little as any one about her influence on affairs here below; and would have conceived an egregious ascent to her sphere, in search of further information,

nearly as possible, and far more rational, than a voyage in this rather idle quest of a wife. The probability of such unadvised notions being "thrust upon him," entered into as little into his contemplation; and the unusual appearance of Dr. Mullner, at an hour which both rightly considered to shrouded studies, could only, he thought, promulgate an interesting conference on some of the secrets of their sister sciences. This opinion was confirmed, when, after some eloquent *Heidelberg* compliments, and a protracted silence, he should and occupy the equally old-fashioned arm-chair. Dr. Mullner informed his host that he had come to trouble him with a proposition. No other propositions than those of Euclid ever for a moment entered the astronomer's thoughts, and he modestly replied, in astonishment at being consulted by one so much better qualified than himself, the nature of Dr. Voss's scientific aspirations, and a little ashamed of bawling them, Dr. Mullner was driven to a new tack—"I have a daughter, Dr. Voss."—This was answered by a look indicative at first of pure surprise, and then, apparently subsiding into suppressed satisfaction that the visitation was not mutual—"This Heidelberg is a sad place, Dr. Voss, and its professors are not ordinarily wild and irascible."—"Ah, indeed!" echoed the other vehemently. "Is that last outrageous business in the College, they narrowly endangered the great telescope, and there are but two men in Germany who could repair it!"—"Ah! but Dr. Voss, still it could have been repaired, but the house and peace of families once injured, is irreparable! My daughter is terribly beautiful!"—"Dr. Voss, perceiving that something was expected in the way of a remark, replied by a Latin quotation on the constellation *Virgo*, and added, "I am not in the habit of looking at young ladies, but I have heard Frauchen Mullner teased after supper, even by professors."—"Do you say so, Dr. Voss? It is the ambition of my life to marry her to a professor, a man of understanding and probity, who will make her a good husband, and whom I am sure, in return will have a good wife! How, thanks to her deceased aunt, is an excellent housewife, knits stockings, admires, and—"he was going to add, "reads the newspapers like an angel," but Voss was so politician, so he suppressed his favourite accomplishment.

Voss, in the innocence of his heart, though only wondering a man like Mullner could suffer such a trifle to interfere with his more important pursuits, began to name several professors unprovided with helpmates, particularly the sceptic theologian, and during the perusal of already mentioned list, as each suggestion his colleague shook his head disapprobately, he seemed quite at a stand, and incapable of further counsel. The case grew desperate, and gathering courage from despair, Dr. Mullner came to the point—"My dear Voss, your modesty surely blinds you to my parental preference. You are the man I have set my eyes upon as the most desirable husband for (they tell me) the prettiest girl in Germany. If such a bride, and a couple of thousand six dollars with her, can gild the pill of matrimony, she is yours, and you will have the pleasure of obduging an old friend into the bargain."

There or the unexpected avatar of one of the best calculated and best behaved of the comet race, nothing could have been more astounding to Dr. Voss, than this abrupt proposal to involving him in the cares of ambulatory house-keeping! He was not, however, so immediately engrossed with celestial affairs as to be wholly insensible to so flattering a terrestrial prospect; and, thinking Dr. Mullner for his favourable opinion, he stammered something about inclinations, disparity of age, &c. &c. It was now the father's turn to feel astonishment. That Rose should hesitate to accept so eligible a match, seemed quite beyond his comprehension, and he assured Dr. Voss that he had even heard her speak of him with high respect and veneration. How far this assurance was calculated to remove the astronomer's doubts, we shall not pretend to say; but it did but bowed acquiescence and left the delighted father to make the long testing discovery to his fair subject.

Rose, when her father returned, was sitting in the projecting bow-window, which, as you all know, so characteristically the curiosity of maidens of all ages, to see what is passing at the other end of the street. Groups of students were walking below, and among the many heads turned wistfully towards the well-known window, one alone called forth something like a sigh from its fair occupant. Rose's knitting, in the mean time, had fallen on the ground, and a kitten was making, among its ravell'd meshes, much the same havoc as Cupid was trying to effect in that strange complication of threads and fibres, the female heart. The doctor's step on the stairs, aroused his daughter from her delicious reverie, and the blow which sent poor puss scampering out of the room, met its prompt retaliation as she stooped which her mistress was destined to receive from the first words of her at all times awful parent.

"Rose!" said her father, with more than usual animation of tone and gesture, "I have just been setting a match for you. You are too young and pretty to remain unmarried in an idle place like this, and my good neighbor Dr. Voss, has kindly consented to break through his bachelor habits, to do me a favor, and secure you a good husband."—"There was no danger of an answer,—Rose was as incapable of making one as the bust of Archimedes which crowned her father's bookcase; nor could all that able mechanism's boasted levers have exerted one word from her terror-sealed lips. "Don't be cast down, my dear child," said her father gently, "at the prospect of leaving me; it is only next door, you know, and for sometime at least, you can read the gazette as usual, for Dr. Voss lectures in the evening, and besides, is no politician, it is his only fault!"

A knock at the house-door came fortunately to operate a diversion in poor Rose's favour; and as she knew it to be her friend Constance come to sup on her mother's usual evening walk, she stammered out her name, and ran or rather stumbled down stairs to meet her. They left the house together, and it was not till they had climbed the steep ascent leading to the *Rancho* chateau, and were embosomed in the deepest recess of one of its shady aisles, that Rose found breath to answer her friend's inquiries, as to the cause of her very unusual agitation. Constance's astonishment was mingled with sympathetic indignation, and polite disappointment; for she had long desired to see her brother, then a student at Heidelberg. This plan, she had fondly flattered herself, might one day be crowned with success; as, although her parents, rich bankers of Frankfurt, would naturally prefer for their son a more brilliant



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